

The Evening World.

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NEW YORK ASKS THE PRESIDENT'S VETO.

IN UNANIMOUSLY adopting a resolution calling upon the President to veto the repeal of the daylight saving law, the Board of Aldermen voices the earnest wish of an overwhelming majority of the 5,500,000 people of this city.

New Yorkers have had practical experience of the benefits of daylight saving. They are convinced that it is one of the most progressive, common-sense changes that ever added to the health and happiness of nineteen American workers out of every twenty.

Congress failed to consider the millions to whom daylight saving has proved an unmixed blessing. It repealed the daylight saving act, as the Aldermen's resolution declares, in response to the "mistaken effort of the farmer employer, inspired and augmented by the avarice and selfishness of the lighting trusts throughout the country."

It has never yet been shown that the farmers who object most to daylight saving have made any intelligent effort to adjust themselves to it. Their prejudice has been largely the prejudice of inertia and old fogyism.

To make daylight saving a matter of local choice would lead to inconvenience and confusion. To be properly effective it should be Nation-wide.

There never was a better instance of an improvement deserving to be considered in the light of "the greatest good of the greatest number."

Congress failed so to consider it. The President, on his return, can show his interest in the practical concerns of the people, from whose seat of government he has so long been absent, in no better way than by promptly vetoing the ill-advised measure by which Congress would deprive the country of the tried and proven benefits of daylight saving.

MORE DEVILTRY AFOOT.

The reported presence of the former German Crown Prince in Germany at this critical juncture confirms Allied suspicion. Junkerdom has planned a last desperate stroke.

The Foch clamp, however, is ready. It can be applied to Junker projects in Germany relentlessly and without delay.

THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW.

ENFORCEMENT of Prohibition, under both wartime act and Constitutional Amendment, as provided in the bill submitted by the House Judiciary Committee, is well-nigh drastic enough to satisfy even a William H. Anderson.

Intoxicating liquor is defined as anything containing more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol; even sick persons may not receive a physician's prescription for liquor more than once in ten days and railroads and express companies are not permitted to deliver liquor without sworn affidavits and permits.

The full joys of search and seizure in private houses are denied the Prohibition zealots, but they have comfort in a clause which prohibits the drinking of liquor in public or on a railroad train, automobile, dining car or vestibule of a train, and gives the conductor power to make arrests.

If this enforcement measure ever became law we predict that the American people would come to their senses and demand its repeal within a year. Under it injustice, oppression, evasion, scandal, private distilling, consumption of poisonous concoctions and the use of drugs must speedily become intolerable.

Meanwhile scrutinize some of the individual legislators who will presently be found supporting this enforcement bill. What are their personal habits in using liquor now? Do they mean to change those habits so long as they can count on access to stored supplies?

It is only fair and just that so-called representatives of the people who vote away the personal liberties of others should make clear how far they mean to part with their own.

When hypocrisy involves misuse of legislative power, the public has a right to know who are the hypocrites.

The public school baths in this city will be kept open during the summer. The Board of Education has set aside the necessary money. Will Hiszoner agree that, however it may be with crime, publicity and protest, from the point of view of public interest, sometimes help.

EMBARRASSED EX-'S.

SAD are the stories that come from Switzerland of the dearth of coin in once royal and imperial pockets whose owners are indefinitely quartered in Swiss lodgings. Former King Constantine of Greece enjoys the present honor of being apparently harder up than any of his fellow ex-rulers in Switzerland, but former King Ludwig of Bavaria and former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary have nothing like the incomes they used to enjoy.

In the old days the exiled kings usually went to live in Paris with money enough to keep them in splendid comfort even in that expensive capital. But now such enormous sums have been lost and such terrific bills are owing in nearly every country in Europe that there is little cash left even to pay the comparatively modest board of a jobless monarch in Switzerland.

Something will have to be done, of course. The Swiss, being prudent and thrifty, cannot be expected to "chalk up" very long or very much for the busted visitors. On the other hand we cannot have Charles, Constantine and Ludwig shuffling about Switzerland on their uppers.

Why not found a museum to preserve such royal and imperial bric-a-brac as the Bolsheviks have not stolen or smashed, and make these three stranded specialists its curators?

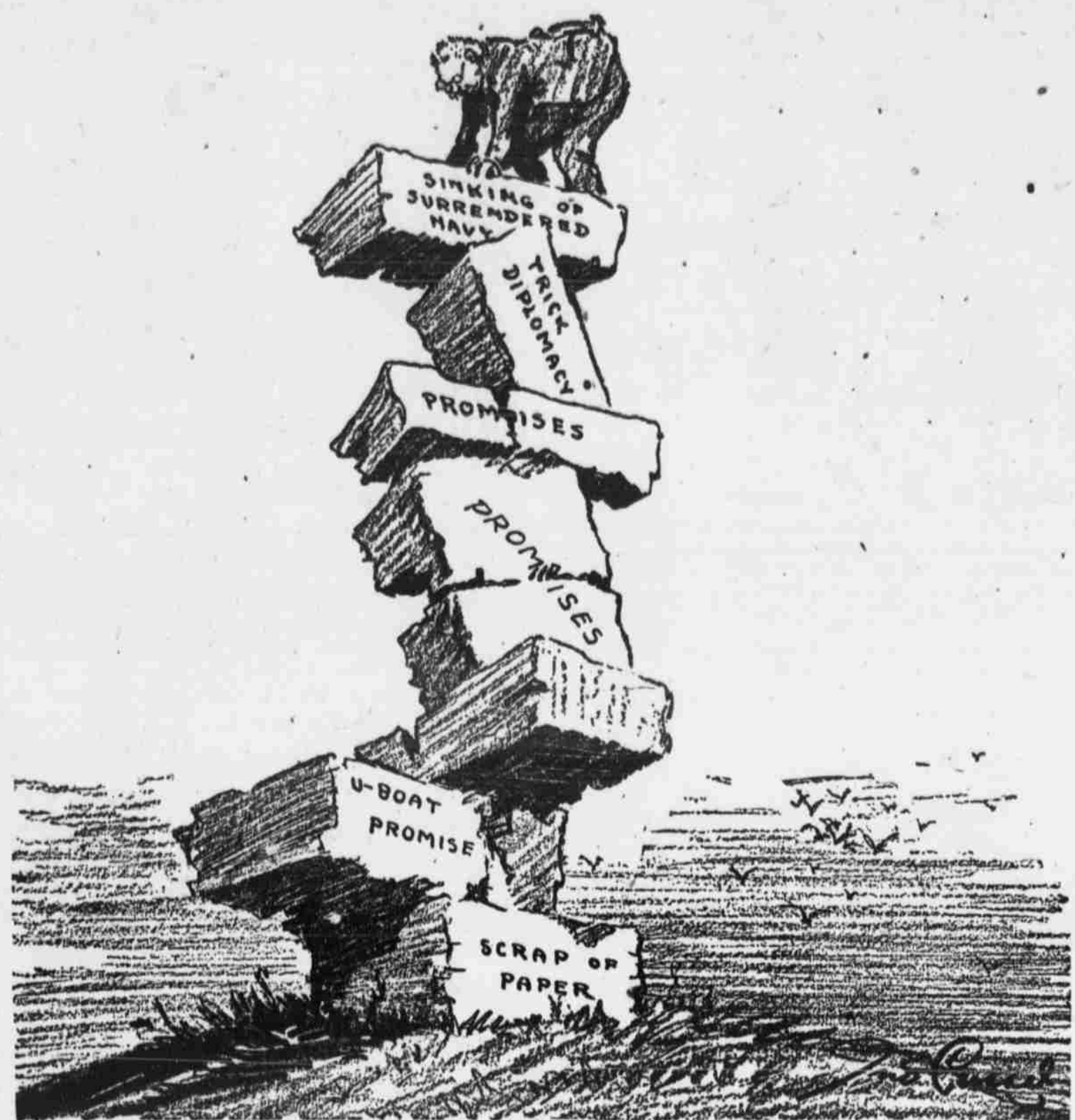
Prig. Gen. W. W. Atterbury harks back to the "shameful inefficiency" from which the country rescued itself to buckle on its sword and help finish the war. But of Gen. Leonard Wood, great exponent of preparedness, "the Nation may well be proud."

How much of a political boom can be developed out of dreadful things that might have happened but didn't?

German Honor!

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By J. H. Cassel



Appointments and Disappointments

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A Person Whose Word Is Useless.



Illustration by John Jones

his employees and spoke to them something like this:

"The reason Mr. X is leaving us is because of his methods of making and breaking appointments."

"I have 'watched and waited' for several months before taking this step, and I found that we had lost a great deal of business by this man's careless attitude to his appointments."

"Prominent customers have told me that every time they tried to reach this man by telephone, the answer came back, 'Mr. X is in a conference and can't be disturbed just now.'"

"That excuse of 'being in a conference' is a threadbare, and I want it abolished in this business."

"If a man is busy and can't go to the telephone at the time somebody calls, he should take the number and look after it. You never can tell when it may mean a big order."

"Further than this, if a man is constantly 'in a conference' he is getting out of touch with the outside, which is a bad policy."

"Furthermore, Mr. X had a habit of disappointing people after he had made the appointment."

"If I were asked what is the element of success in business I would say that it is promptness in keeping appointments."

"We have not yet outgrown the fine principle that 'a man's word is as good as his bond.'"

"Don't make any appointments unless you can keep them."

"Be very careful that you don't break an appointment unless it is unavoidable."

"If it is unavoidable, be sure to give the other party sufficient notice in order not to disarrange his plans."

"There is nothing so discouraging to a customer as a disappointment. You

have shown him that you are careless of him and he becomes careless of you."

"Furthermore, the man in business who never can be seen and is too high and mighty behind the desk to come out and get in touch with those to whom he caters is a liability rather than an asset to the enterprise."

"In a word," concluded this man, "let your actions be such that the people with whom you deal may learn that you are easily accessible; that you will not disappoint and that you will keep your word."

"When your customers realize this they will naturally gravitate to you because they know you are dependable."

"The dependable quality has always been 'The Rock of Gibraltar' in business."

I was wishing this man could talk to all managers and workers, especially those 'higher up.'

I have known several concerns which failed just because the head of the concern was too inaccessible and the managers took themselves in their positions too seriously."

This principle also is found in social life. The dependable quality is even more accentuated. You readily find something really wrong about the person who constantly breaks appointments."

Everybody knows the dislike that comes for the person who makes appointments lightly and then does not keep them. It is like the dropping water that wears away a stone."

Real friendship is gradually dissolved for the careless person whose word is worthless."

The same theory holds good in private life."

The great feeling of pleasure and appreciation that comes to one in the knowledge of a friend who always keeps his appointments and upon whose promise you can stake your life is something that money can't buy."

SCIENCE NEWS NOTES.

The Government of Uruguay is planning to own all central electric stations in that country, together with all privately owned telephone companies.

To catch hair as it is being cut by a barber, an inventor has patented a circular piece of fabric with the edges turned up to be fastened around a man's neck.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Echoes of the Death Knell of Doomed Social Institutions Resound on the Jarr Telephone.

THE telephone rang and Mrs. Jarr answered it. She was not at the instrument very long, which is contrary to feminine custom, and while there her only remarks into the transmitter had been a few coldly spoken words, such as: "Yes," "Very well," "Goodbye."

"You cut them short; who was it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Your dearest friend," said Mrs. Jarr. "Gus, who keeps that place on the corner. He's got a nerve, I must say!"

"Why didn't you let me speak to him?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr gave him a scathing look, but she did not answer the question. Mr. Jarr stirred uneasily. "I wonder what Gus could have wanted!" he muttered.

"He didn't say," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose he is worrying now that he has to close up his saloon soon and possibly he desired to ask if he opened a cigar store if he still would have you as a source of income."

"Oh, come now, my dear," said Mr. Jarr. "Gus is a good fellow, always kind hearted and charitable. He really never did anybody any harm that I can see."

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr after a moment's pause, "you'd better go see what else your kind-hearted friend wants if it isn't your salary. And if you MUST go to such places, please tell him for me that since his bartender, that big, gawky, stupid-headed Elmer, has been calling on our servant girl, Gertrude, I can get no good out of her at all. She's out night after night, she's got her mind on the moving pictures, she talks of movie heroes in her sleep and she sleeps standing over her work. You tell him that, while I cannot keep my husband out of his place for the last few days of his existence, I can keep his bartender out of mine!"

As Mrs. Jarr knew in her heart that Gus would not call Mr. Jarr up except to do him a favor, she was really anxious for him to go and return with the news. So he finally got away.

"Say," said Gus, when Mr. Jarr entered, "you must excuse me calling you on der phone, but Elmer told me your wife chucked him out."

"He was there too much," replied Mr. Jarr. "He's calling on our servant girl, I believe."

"He is a loafer, Elmer is," said

Gus. "It is a good thing for me I go out of business before he puts me out of business. In my life I never see such a loafer. When I hear that he comes by your house I fire him."

"Oh, you mustn't do that! When did you fire him?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Last week," replied Gus.

"Hum," said Mr. Jarr. "Now he stands in front of our house all the time. Before that he only used to stand there on his night off."

"When I heard of it I axed him to accept my resignation," replied Gus, "but what good does it do when he accepts my resignation and takes off his apron and goes hangs around your house?"

"You mustn't be so hard on him, and, as his work is at an end here soon, on account of prohibition, we must try to get him a job," said Mr. Jarr. "We were all in love and did foolish things when we were young and single, you know."

"The only foolish thing we did when we was single," said Gus, "was to get married; but I'll take back my resignation from Elmer, if you say so. I expect a rush in this liquor store between now and a few days. Are you stocked up yet?"

INSPIRATION THAT FAILED.

"EDDIE" GUEST, the Michigan poet, tells this one about a Detroit preacher who had accepted an invitation to conduct a funeral service in Saginaw or some place. At the last minute he found he could not find the engagement, and wired to the relatives of the deceased that he could not come, suggesting that a local minister be secured.

A minute man was found in the person of a Methodist preacher, who had time only to hang up the receiver, jump into the kind that everybody runs up in Michigan, and set up the Saginaw equivalent of boulevard. Arriving at his destination he ran in and started the service, without ascertaining among other facts so essential to a successful affair of this kind a few of the more important biographical facts. He was skilfully steering the course of his discourse around these gaping holes in this equipment, when he reached the place where it was absolutely necessary that he know the sex of the deceased. Even on this point, however, he stalled as long as he dared, until in a flash of inspiration he leaned over and whispered to the mourner nearest him and asked:

"Brother or sister?"

Came back the non-committal reply:

"Cousin!"—Cartoons Magazine.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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Verily, if Any Man Findeth His "Ideal Wife," It Is Not Through His Own Wisdom, but Through Blind Luck.

MY Daughter, how strange and wonderful is a man's Logic concerning the heart of a woman!

For what man hath not made in his own heart an image of the "Ideal Wife," which he shall one day take unto himself?

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed none but a sweet, domestic damsel, who taketh joy in her Home and delight in household tasks, and preferreth a cook stove unto a motor car!"

And behold, thereupon, he donneth his evening clothes and goeth forth unto the cabaret in search of amusement and dallyeth with a chorus girl, "just for pastime," and flirteth with the butterflies merely for diversion.

Yet he is SO astonished when he findeth himself enamored by one of these!

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed none but an unsophisticated damsel, even one who still possesseth all her illusions concerning love and all her faith in men. And all her visions and ideals."

And straightway he hasteneth out to keep a dinner engagement with a grass widow, who cajoleth him with wisdom and amuseth him with cynicism and flattereth him with subtlety.

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed none but a damsel of character and intelligence, for a doodlewit would bore me to extinction after the honeymoon!"

And thereupon he saileth forth unto a tea dance and falleth into a flirtation with a Flapper possessing one brain cell and a baby stare, who tyeth him to her shoe strings without effort.

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed none but a frugal damsel who will not waste my substance upon folly and frivolities, but will hoard and treasure the pennies that we may buy a suburban cottage with the dollars."

Yet when a "frugal damsel" in a last year's hat cometh his way he blusheth to be seen with her upon the highway, and turneth from her unto the Peacock, of whom other men will say "Ho! Look what John hath ensnared—the lucky dog! Oh, is she not a DOLL and a winner!"

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed none but a devoted and adoring woman—even one unto whom I shall be the sun, moon and stars of her existence!"

Yet when he meeteth a damsel who falleth down and worshippeth him, he fleeth from her in fear and trembling, lest she ANNEX him against his will, but so long as a damsel treateth him with friendly indifference he pursueth her without thought or caution.

Thus the woman who taketh him as her "sun, moon and stars" is eschewed for the woman who taketh him only as Hobson's choice.

Lo, he saith:

"I shall wed only a ONE-MAN WOMAN!"

Yet the discriminating damsel is left to blush unseen amongst the wall flowers, while he traileth after the love moth who hath twenty men in her wake. For unto him competition is the life of the love game!

Verily, verily, if any man findeth his "Ideal Wife," it is not through his own wisdom, but through BLIND LUCK!

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, Who Taught Mankind to Fly.

THIS is the story of two brothers who made good, because they refused to take other people's word that a certain thing could not be done.

They were Wilbur and Orville Wright, sons of an Ohio clergyman. They had no special scientific education. They had only an idea. And they did not have enough knowledge of science to realize that their idea was absurd.

When they asked advice about it, the impossibility of their scheme was at once pointed out to them by persons far more learned than they. Because they had faith in their own theories and because they would not give up when they were told their plan was ridiculous—they made good, and won immortality.

The brothers ran a bicycle repair shop at Dayton, O. They became expert mechanics. They were among the best in their profession.

They might have done as did so many other clever bicycle men, and switched to a garage or even a motor-factory, when the automobile began to take the place of the bicycle. There were fortunes in that sort of thing. But they were after something bigger than a fortune.

They wanted to fly.

Now ever since the old days of mythology, mankind has wanted to fly. A thousand experimenters and many thousand cranks had tried their hands at one form of aviation after another for countless centuries. Often these pioneers had been killed. Always they had failed.

And at last the world became convinced that men would never be able to fly. They might be able to float around for a time in upper air in the car of a bulky and most unmanageable balloon. But never in a flying machine. The latter notion was preposterous. It was proven impossible.

It was proven so, among other ways, by a set of mathematical tables, compiled by a very learned German professor. These tables showed the amount of pressure, energy, etc., required for the lifting of a single pound of weight; and showed that no engine and no set of wings could be constructed which would be capable of use in a practicable flying-machine.

But the two youngsters who ran the bicycle repair shop could not see that the thing was impossible. They had a theory of their own about flying—a theory they had worked out together along their own lines. They had calm faith in this theory. Yet they wanted the best advice before venturing too far with their invention.

They sought this advice. And they got it. In effect the advice was: "You're a pair of young fools and you are trying to do something which science has proven can't be done." Among other proofs offered them was the set of tables the German had compiled.

Almost any other men on earth would have been convinced by this avalanche of proof. The Wright brothers quietly kept up their mad scheme. They had faith in themselves. If they had been professional scientists, all the mountain of scientific proof would have scared them away from the idea. But they insisted on proving things for themselves. And they did it.

Whenever one of their experimental models went wrong, they sat down and studied the nature of the defect and how it might be overcome. It was long and tedious work, and the way was strewn with many a setback. But the brothers took advantage of their own past mistakes and kept on perfecting their machine.

One by one the obstacles were overcome. Finally, after years of toil and discouragement, the first complete Wright airship stood ready for its trial flight.

The work was done. The goal was reached. The mystery of the upper air was solved. Faulty as were the first machines, they were practicable. They flew.

Man's conquest of the air had begun. The Wright brothers had made good. They had changed the future of the world by doing what every one had been certain could not be done!